

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Lays of the Dissecting Room.

NO I.

ADIPOSE TISSUE.

AIR:—*The Old Oaken Bucket.*

Hail to thee! Hail to thee! Adipose Tissue!
Bland, oleaginous, soft and serene!
Gladly we welcome thee, sadly we'd miss you! *
Long may thy presence enliven the scene.
Should we resolve to renew Dr. Tanner's
Rash but instructive endeavor to fast,
Aided by thee we might flourish our banners
Long as thy stores alimentative last.

CHO.: Here's to the Tissue,
The Adipose Tissue,
The darling old Tissue
That maketh us swell!

Thou givest fulness and grace to the members;
Gently they roll when rotundity reigns.
Thou dost protect us from cruel December's
Blasts that would chill the best blood in our veins.
Woe to the wretch that by thee is forsaken,
Shivering, frost-bitten, faint and forlorn;
Ne'er may thine aid from my system be taken—
Ne'er from my ribs may thy rampart be torn!

CHO.: Here's to the Tissue, etc.

JUSTIN THYME.

* As this lyric is in the solemn style throughout, the commonplace form of the pronoun is only introduced here by poetical license, to comply with the exigencies of the rhyme.

Strength in Small Things.

Cum ventum in aciem, turpe principi virtute vinci, turpe comitatu virtutem principis non adæquare.—*Tacitus.*

It seems paradoxical to speak of "strength in weakness;" yet, when we carefully consider the meaning which may be conveyed by these words, the paradox disappears, and in its place there stands a thought of more than ordinary truth and importance. Nor, indeed, does this thought vanish, as do the momentary ideas which flit about in every cell and chamber of the human mind. As its force is long in being recognized, so, when known, it incorporates itself as a part of our being; and, though it forms but a minute portion of the

mental power held in reserve, it is capable of being brought into an activity and prominence which may exercise a directive influence upon the success of every life. It may, indeed, appear to some that we are ascribing undue consequence to a matter of little inherent worth. To this opinion we heartily subscribe, but beg to state that we look upon it as more important in its external power than in its intrinsic value.

We often notice with what wilful pertinacity people cling to ideas specious enough at a passing glance, yet, on careful examination, proving to be internally hideous and deformed. It is not so strange that deception finds a place in which it may, for a time, defend itself from truth and justice; but it is curious to see weakness stretching forth its arm to impose a shield between the combating powers. Yet such is the true statement of the matter. Imposition occurs with a frequency that argues very little for the moral status of some portion of every community; but, far from considering it in its mediate effect upon life, many regard it as a proof of business capacity of a high order. This refers merely to those nominal qualities of politeness and good-breeding which not unfrequently contain in themselves the very essence of imposture. All honor, we say, to those possessed of refinement and culture; but let us look beneath the mere surface, and give recognition of them only when we find them existing in their natural, unbiassed state. It is in weakness that these so-called good qualities find protection; and, what is still more to be deplored, it is from this same weakness that they draw their food, and light, and life. Who can say where the end will be? The mountain has been growing slowly and steadily; it is still increasing silently and surely. We cannot demolish it, yet we may stop its growth. We cannot break its strength; yet we may render its power futile, and leave it standing as a mocking chronicler of evils yet to come, and yet to be defeated in the same manner.

In all matters of deception, whether self-imposed or suffered at the hands of others, we notice the same characteristics,—injury gaining ground by the tacit or expressed acquiescence of a weak mind. Yet in many cases it would have been less difficult to have taken up arms in defence of the opposing party. The first blow may have been dealt, but who cares by whom the first bird has been killed, so long as he has accomplished a feat equal in

numbers? The difficulty seems to lie rather in this, that many, living in the present, seem to regard it as their own, as something which they may use idly or indifferently, as they wish. Hence they experience a stupid delight in allowing persons and circumstances to push them back or to tread lightly over their sleeping forms. Yea, they even aid this operation by an exertion of their own power; and, finding it too difficult to re-ascend after the descent has been begun under compulsion, by asserting their weakness, they continue until the bottom is reached. Strength is not, in fact, wanting; but weakness is uppermost, and seems to hold in check every effort made by its more powerful adversary. This is sufficient in itself to show the negative power contained in many things which we look upon as nothing, and hold in contempt because of their evident capability to be made passive to our every whim.

There is one *weakness*, however, which finds refuge, and even strength, in its lack of greatness and power; but with a few remarks we deem it prudent to pass from it to our first and broader branch of the question. We refer to those to whom a large portion of civil or military command has not fallen. A violent wind may seize with great energy an object opposing a wide and spreading surface; and thus large trees proudly and majestically uprearing to the clouds their leafy domes are broken and humbled to the ground, while their smaller brethren of the forest still live and offer defiance to wind and weather. In like manner do the storms of society crop strength and power from the high; while the lowly heed them not, and calmly and peacefully pursue their courses, safe beneath the shelter of their humble state. Passing over this brief digression we will now proceed to a further consideration of the subject under its first-mentioned aspect.

It is unworthy of men to stoop to the level of mental imbecility, and to disregard the chances which are placed beneath their control. There is, in human nature a power that lies deep below the surface; and, by the exercise of this, the strength and inherent impulse towards truth and nobility, which is wasted upon the cause of weakness, may be transferred to the accomplishment of great, or at least indifferent, success. Wilful carelessness must be strangled, and new vitality must be breathed into the being deprived of life; but it must be a vitality that glows with the refreshing health of honest endeavor. It must be strength in that broad sense which combines inherent power with that borrowed from the recognition of former feebleness. In a word, it must exhibit a striking picture of original and acquired vigor working in unison in order to acquire that distinction which each merits and must obtain.

This new infusion of force must, however, be directed towards some end; otherwise it may become so stiffened as to be, practically speaking, of no avail. In all positions, and in every sphere of life, there is some one whom by common consent we regard as our leader or superior. To him we look for direction or control; by him our en-

thusiasm is aroused or checked. It is his duty then, to strive to retain that distinction which, either mentally or physically, has placed him above our level; and to throw around his person such a breastwork of influence that, though he may be approached, he cannot be driven from the stand which his own hands have raised and guarded.

With us it is different. We climb away, "onward and upward"; duty assigns our tasks, and we labor that the designs of our leader may be accomplished. From this, however, it cannot be argued that ours is a blind race, an unrequited struggle. We see our end, though it may be far in the distance. We try to equal our leader's devotion to a common cause; and, though we may only taste the glory of success, still we have had it, we have won it, and for the first time, perhaps, we have learned that no state of life is so settled in its condition that it cannot be changed by the adoption of the proper means. "I am tired of studying and working," we say; "I must rest." Rest! It is no time to think of resting. If there is aught to be accomplished in a life in which every man must bear his own burden, that must be compassed by watching for our opportunity, and seizing it with strength and determination.

PEDECLAUDE.

Merit Rewarded.

THE HISTORY OF AN OLD BOY.

One of the first and most distinguished pupils of the Manual Labor School, for years established at Notre Dame, Indiana, was Thomas Barlow. To spare his modesty, his real name is not given, as he is at present one of the most successful surgeons in California. He was the worthy son of poor, but very pious parents, residing in Indianapolis, Indiana, where his father sawed cord-wood for an honest living. He and his beautiful twin-sister Agnes were the oldest of a large family, whom they edified by their filial love and docile obedience.

His pious parents perceiving Thomas to be gifted with talents of a superior order, sent him to learn a trade at Notre Dame, where he had three hours' schooling each day. There he laid the solid foundation of that future enviable renown which he has enjoyed for nearly half a century.

There is something exceedingly delightful in looking back through the long vista of departed years, and catching a glimpse of the fairy realms of boyhood. Like some enchanting landscape melting in the distance it receives a thousand charms from its very obscurity, and memory delights to fill up the dim outlines with graces and excellencies from her own inexhaustible repertory. Our young hero had a streak of pleasing wit and jocularly running through his whole composition. He remarked one day that, although no Bishop had ever imposed hands on him, yet his laudable endeavors to save perishing *soles* (he was learning

the trade of shoemaking) had been crowned with eminent success.

He had a hasty and impetuous temper; yet the gentle and irresistible example of his master—Brother Justin, of saintly memory—produced such a happy change in this pugnacious pupil that he very soon became a great favorite with his companions. His manly appearance and great talents soon caused him to be loved and admired by all. Who would then have ever dreamed that he would be to-day a millionaire?

On the death of one of his brothers he returned home, being but a mere boy at the time. Shortly after, he surprised his worthy parents by addressing them as follows: "My beloved parents, I cannot bear to see you working so hard for a miserable existence. After long and fervent prayer to Heaven for guidance, I have resolved to set out this very day in quest of fame and fortune. I will launch my frail bark on the perilous billows of life's stormy ocean, firmly trusting that, through the guidance of heaven's blest Queen, I will be wafted to some haven whence you will soon hear glad tidings from your truant boy. With these young and healthy arms I hope to achieve such success somewhere on Uncle Sam's broad dominions as will elevate my family to a state of independence."

His parents gave him their blessing and barely money enough to take him to Cincinnati, where, after a three days' search for work in the printing-offices, he found himself penniless, friendless, and unemployed in a strange city; but he never despaired of final success. While sitting on a cold stone-step near the Cathedral one day, he called to mind the oft-repeated advice of good Bro. Justin, "My dear child, in all your troubles fly to the protection of Mary, the comfortress of the afflicted, and she will never fail to come to your assistance."

Instantly obeying the happy inspiration, he entered the Cathedral, and kneeling before Mary's altar, prayed thus: "Holy Mother of God and comfortress of the afflicted, as you are all-powerful in heaven, have pity on me who am here friendless in a strange city, and send me some kind friend to give me work that I may save my parents from impending misery and starvation." After this fervent prayer, amidst sighs and tears, he left the church, never thinking that he was seen or heard by any one; but Mrs. Morley, the pious widow of a retired merchant-prince, witnessed all from her place behind a pillar where she was making her daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament. Her emotions of sympathy, admiration and joy can be more easily imagined than described. Following him out, and gently taking him by the hand, she soon learned his whole history.

"My child," said she, "the Holy Mother of God has heard your prayer, and has sent me in her name to befriend you and your father's house." His comely appearance and handsome features spoke volumes in his favor and enlisted her warmest sympathy. She then added: "Your innate piety and confidence in the holy Mother of God speaks eloquently for your parents as well as your

former teachers." After taking him in her carriage to her palatial mansion, and verifying the truth of his story by a letter from his pastor, her interest in the pious and lovely boy knew no bounds. She had but two children, Edward and Agnes, both about his own age, to whom she introduced him as a desirable companion, after adopting him as her own son.

During the week following she took him to the office of one of the daily papers, where he was strictly examined by the foreman; who, on finding him well posted in Grammar, Arithmetic and Composition, gently patted him on the head, saying: "You are the very boy we have been looking for during the past three months, and never found till now." Mrs. Morley gave orders to allow Master Thomas to attend the evening lectures at a Medical College, charging herself with all his expenses. The lady's son and daughter were present at the examination, and were highly delighted at his success, declaring to their mamma at supper that Master Thomas was far ahead of themselves in many things. Our little hero boarded at Mrs. Morley's and sat in the family pew in church, being treated in all respects as her own son whom she called her *rara avis* found chirping before Mary's altar, and whose edifying example she wished her children to emulate.

At the expiration of the first month, this noble lady, with her son and daughter, called at the office to inquire after the success of her *rara avis*, and was highly delighted with the glowing account given of him by the editor and foreman: "Madame," said the editor, "you gave him a very appropriate name, for he sings like a nightingale, is full of laudable ambition, as well as talents of the highest order; and his integrity and honorable principles are such that we could trust him with all our treasures. I perceive in your ward the very timber of which great men are made; and if I am not greatly mistaken, he will yet leave enduring marks on the sands of time." Such, gentle reader, is the magical power of wealth and influence in shaping the opinions and directing the conduct of mankind in general; for, only ten days previous, this same friendless boy was spurned by this very man and driven from the office as an idle, good-for-nothing tramp. The lady was much pleased at hearing so favorable an account of her *protégé*, but Miss Agnes was in ecstasies of joy.

Mrs. Morley felt so happy that she sent a draft of \$500 to the parents of Master Thomas, as a token of gratitude to them for rearing such a boy, who, she said, was the idol of her family; assuring them, at the same time, that they should never want as long as she lived. And full well did she keep her promise. So remarkable was the fertility of his genius, that at the end of the second year, when the foreman became a partner of the firm, our young hero was promoted to his place and salary. Having learned, in the course of time, that there was a famous Medical College in St. Louis, Mo., he prevailed on Mrs. Morley to let him go there to finish his medical education.

After spending a year in St. Louis, he passed a

creditable examination and took his degrees as a practising physician. Dr. Barlow chose the city of St. Charles, Mo., for the scene of his future labors. On a lovely May morning, an old teacher of our hero was inhaling the fragrant breezes of a primeval forest in the suburbs of the above-named city, containing then about 20,000 people, and peeping through those long, sweeping vistas in whose intricacy the eye delights to lose itself, while imagination considers them as paths leading to yet wilder scenes of sylvan beauty. He was accosted by a portly young gentleman whom he saw gathering herbs and roots. "My dear old teacher," said he, "I am happy to see you! but is it possible you do not know me?"

"Excuse my apparent stupidity," said his teacher, "for I do not remember having ever had the honor of your acquaintance in any land beneath the sun, moon, or stars."

"My dear and honored sir," said he, "I am that little Thomas Barlow whom you taught at Notre Dame. I am editor of the *Daily News* in this embryo city, and a physician besides. In memory of old times, you must come to my hotel and dine with me to-day."

Our young disciple of Esculapius, after introducing his teacher with great formality to the inner family circle at the hotel, was suddenly summoned from the dinner table to attend a patient down-stairs. During his absence the old lady asked in what business Dr. Barlow's paternal ancestor had been engaged. This was a poser—the old master did not wish to expose the humble position of his former pupil nor tell a lie. But he got out of it very nicely. After scratching his bump of inventiveness to arouse that dormant organ to a due sense of its responsibility, the happy idea occurred to him that although the poor man owned nothing on this mundane sphere, either north or south of the equator, except his buck-saw and wooden horse, yet it was a patent fact that he might be said to own a saw-mill on a small scale.

"Madame, Colonel Barlow is in the lumber business very extensively; and owing to the many terrible accidents incidental to steam, he drives his mill by aquatic power." The madame, turning to her daughter Euphemia, said, "He always told you so." In speaking of this incident afterwards, the Doctor laughed heartily, saying that he forgot to put his teacher on his guard, but for all that he struck the nail on the head.

At this time the Doctor was a Colonel of a regiment, whose members idolized him as much as the know-nothings hated him; for he was a man of powerful build, iron nerve and an unerring shot. One day, while crossing the ferry with his men for military drill, he heard a gang of the *dark lantern* boys from St. Louis cursing and denouncing all foreigners. In an instant, the fiery temper of his younger days, so long dormant beneath the powerful restraint of religion, asserted itself. Stepping forth, with his hand on his sword-hilt, he said: "And who are you but foreigners or the sons of foreigners? It is very plain that you are

the pestiferous spawn of your *tory* ancestors who dogged, like sleuth hounds, the blood-stained foot-prints of the brave Washington and his patriotic army, one-half of whom were foreigners, on their way from Trenton to Valley Forge. I doubt not but you are some of those dastardly patriots who proved their love of liberty at Charlestown, Philadelphia, and Louisville, by burning *convents*, churches, and the dwellings of the poor."

At the conclusion, his men gave him three hearty cheers, and then the words passed from mouth to mouth, "'Tis Doctor Barlow! Doctor Barlow!" and all slunk away like whipped spaniels.

The Doctor once crossed a very rapid river in Missouri on professional duty, but very soon a messenger arrived with news that a convent Sister and Miss Lucy Benton, the only daughter of a rich planter, were seriously injured by a falling branch of a tree whilst passing through a wood. Clapping spurs to his horse, he reached the ferry too late and the captain refused to put back for him; but trusting to the high mettle of his noble steed, he fearlessly plunged into the surging river and reached *terra firma* in safety. The stentorian lungs of the admiring crowd made the welkin ring with their long and loud "hurrah for Doctor Barlow!"

This daring deed of devotion gained him the unbounded admiration of all classes of society, and his practice extended with wonderful rapidity; for, said everybody, any man that risked his life to save his patients was worthy the confidence of all good people.

After some time, finding himself possessed of ample funds, he took leave of his parents and Mrs. Morley's family, and repaired to Paris, France, in one of whose universities he graduated as a distinguished surgeon, after a thorough course of studies. Returning to America, he offered his services during the war to President Lincoln, and received an honorable commission from him as surgeon in the army of the Mississippi. Thence he returned to Cincinnati. Mrs. Morley and family congratulated him on his success, especially on the distinguished reception he met with from President Lincoln and his cabinet. Mrs. Morley, on learning that her son and daughter were ready to bestow their hands and fortunes on the gallant surgeon and his lovely twin-sister, gladly acceded to their wishes, adding, that she ardently prayed for such a consummation from the first day they entered her house.

Mrs. Morley divided her untold wealth between her two children, reserving a third part for herself and the poor, whose guardian angel she was called. After the usual rejoicings, the two happy couples set out for Indianapolis to pay their filial regards to their pious parents, who were the primary cause of all their happiness; and now—thanks to Mrs. Morley and her *rara avis*—were living in a fine house in the most fashionable part of the city. Such were the happy fruits of the lessons of virtue received from Father Granger and Bro. Justin by our talented hero.

VERITAS.

Books and Periodicals.

THE SUN: Its Constitution; its Phenomena; its Condition. By Nathan T. Carr, LL. D., Judge of the Ninth Judicial Circuit of Indiana. J. Fitzgerald, Publisher, 20 Lafayette Place, New York. Price, post free, 15 cents.

The chief results of Solar Research are ably presented and popularly explained in this little work. But its author is not only a clear expositor of the views of others; he offers an original and consistent theory of Solar Physics, which appears to reconcile many of the conflicting theories and observations of astronomers.

THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF GOD From the Creation to the Present Day. Part I. Bible History. By Rev. B. J. Spalding, with Preface by Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D., Bishop of Peoria. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co., 9 Barclay St., New York.

This first part of this "History of the Church of God" is admirably adapted to fulfill the object of the reverend author. It is an excellent manual of instruction in "Bible History" or the history of the people of God up to the establishment of Christianity. Judging from this part, we have every reason to believe that in the second part a great and long-felt want will be supplied, and our schools and colleges furnished with an excellent manual of Church History. We hope soon to see the work completed and generally used in our schools.

—The November number of *Donahoe's Magazine* has among its contents such papers as "The Effects of the Lost Cause," "Obligations of Protestant Writers to Catholics," "Brownson's Works," "A Nutshell History of Ireland," all of which are interesting. Besides, there are many other articles on various topics, together with the usual "Notes," etc., which make up a very readable number.

—The *Catholic World* for November maintains its high standard of excellence and presents a fine array of able and interesting articles. The opening paper, by Very Rev. I. T. Hecker, on "Luther and the Diet of Worms," is especially timely and important, setting forth, in clear and strong terms, the absurdity and inconsistency of the much talked-of celebration, by apparently intelligent Christians, of the fourth centennary of Luther's birthday. "Ancient Celtic Art," by Bryan J. Clinche, speaks of the condition of the fine arts in Ireland prior to the twelfth century. It is shown that "during the seven centuries of its existence as an independent Christian nation the buildings, the literature, the painting, sculpture and ornamental art of Ireland were of an entirely distinct character from those of the contemporary European races, and in many points far surpassed them in artistic merit." "The Early Fruits of the Reformation in England," by S. Hubert Burke, presents facts concerning the decay in the social and religious condition of England but a few years subsequent to the overthrow of Catholicity. "The Franco-Annamese Conflict" is a paper full of interest in view of the present relations between France and China. The other articles are "Scepticism and its relations to Modern Thought," by Condé

B. Pallen; "Bancroft's History of the United States," by Richard H. Clarke, LL. D.; "The Returning Comet of 1812," by Rev. George M. Searle. The highly-interesting story of "Armine," by Christian Reid, is continued through two chapters and a short tale of revolutionary times, entitled "Our Grandmother's Clock," is presented.

—The *North American Review* for November, by the liveliness and the sterling worth of the articles it contains, satisfies the requirements of the most exacting reader. Senator H. B. Anthony writes of "Limited Suffrage in Rhode Island," giving incidentally a highly interesting sketch of the early constitutional history of that little Commonwealth, and setting forth the considerations which influenced its people in restricting the exercise of the electoral prerogative. Dr. Norwin Green, President of the Western Union Company, in an article entitled "The Government and the Telegraph," cites the provisions of the Federal Constitution and the determinations of the Supreme Court which appear to debar the General Government from assuming the management of the telegraph lines; and presents statistics designed to prove that the service in this country is both cheaper and more efficient than in any of the countries of Europe where the governments own the lines. The Rev. David N. Utter brings out from oblivion the record of certain alleged atrocious crimes of "John Brown of Osawatomie." There are two scientific articles, namely, "Solar Physics," by Professor Balfour Stewart, and "Modern Explosives," by General John Newton. W. H. Mallock contributes "Conversations with a Solitary," an imaginary passage-at-arms between a Radical and Conservative, in which the two opposing theories of government and society are advocated with rare spirit and ingenuity of argument. In "Suggestions in Regard to the Public Service," Green B. Raum offers certain facts going to prove that the clerks and other employes of the government departments at Washington, even before the passage of the Civil Service act, were in the main both faithful and efficient. Finally, "Dr. Hammond's Estimate of Woman," is reviewed by Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake, Miss Nina Morais, Mrs. Sara A. Underwood and Dr. Clemence S. Lozier. Fifty cents a copy; \$5 a year. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, and sold by newsdealers generally.

College Gossip.

—Col. Edwards has given \$30 towards a campus for Berkeley.

—They have raised the price of rooms at Wabash College.

—\$10,000 are to be expended on the new athletic grounds at Harvard.

—The Faculty of Dartmouth have shut down upon intercollegiate games.

—The trustees of Columbia contemplate erecting a new chapel at a cost of about \$125,000.

—Two editors of *The Dartmouth* were suspended last term for writing articles discourteous to the Faculty.

—The Amherst seniors have voted that the whole class shall graduate with clean-shaven faces.—*Herald-Crimson*.

—The necessary expense of a year's education at Vassar is about \$500, while at Harvard it is \$800.—*Northwestern*.

—Alas for '87's athletics! The Freshmen have been forbidden to come into class-room with knee-pants on.—*Yale News*.

—Since 1825, out of 38,054 alumni from 58 colleges, 3,577 are recorded as physicians, 9,991 clergymen, and 6,105 lawyers.

—Chas. L. Colby, the founder of Colby University, Waterville, Me., has given \$1,000,000 to establish a new university in Wisconsin.

—The students of the Northwestern University are congratulating themselves on the growing favor for the honor system, which they wish introduced.

—The editors of *The Haverfordian* are jubilant over the acquisition of the best room in the college for a sanctum. At least one prophet finds honor in his own country.

—The students of the University of Wisconsin are on the war path. The president of the University was sand-bagged, *a la* Chicago style, and "done up" in great shape.—*Lariat*.

—The Princeton Faculty seem to be alarmed. It is rumored that they are going to make the students live more economically. They are also imposing restrictions on athletic clubs in regard to intercollegiate games.

—At Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., the Faculty last session acted as judges at a "cane-rush" and congratulated the victors. The "rushing" there must be mildly drawn or the Faculty are a set of barbarians.

—The *Herald-Crimson* chides the Harvard Freshmen for "stamping" in Memorial Hall. If they wish to turn milliners they should "hire a hall" and put up a sign, "Stamping and *pinking* (*i. e.*, cane-rushing) done here."

—The bicycle seems to be growing popular among the Faculty. Professor Cook has long been a rider, but the latest conquerors of the wheel are Prof. J. W. White and Dr. James, the latter of whom rides a tricycle.—*Herald-Crimson*.

—One who professes to have seen for himself says that student-life in the German universities is "lawless, arrogant, conceited and brutal,"—partaking of the coarseness of the dark ages. And yet there are 7,000 American students in the German universities.

—The Freshmen and Sophomores at the University of California have had a "rush"—that is, a fight—for a mortar-board. Had they called upon us we might have saved bloodshed and wearing apparel by sending them two or three of the masons' mortar-boards lying around the College.

—"A college to every one hundred miles of territory in the United States," say several exchanges. And yet there are not enough. Dakota is going to build one, and the Baptists are clubbing money for one in Milwaukee. Many of the so-called colleges will be sold cheap for boarding-houses and hotels after a while, perhaps.

—Matters must have reached a desperate state at Princeton, judging from a recent communication in *The Princetonian*. "One can hardly enter a room where there is a collection of fellows without finding grumbling—in one of its many phases—the main basis of conversation. The faculty, poor prospects for football, baseball and the Glee Club, and Princeton hard luck, all come in for their share of abuse."—*Herald-Crimson*.

—Harvard College has recently come into possession of the following real estate by the deed of the trustees under the will of the late Richard D. Harris of Boston: Three undivided twenty-fourth parts of the following parcels of real estate in Boston, viz.: Land, with brick buildings, situated on Union st. and Marshall's Lane, near Hanover street; land, with brick building known as the Robertson House Hotel, on the new line of Hanover street as recently widened. Also mortgages amounting to \$14,400 have been transferred to the college by the same trustees.—*Herald-Crimson*.

—It is said that the new stroke adopted by the Yale College oarsmen differs from the old one in these particulars: The reach forward is much longer, and the body is not swung so far back of the perpendicular. The slides are shorter, and on the recover the body is drawn up slower, which, it is held, does not stop the momentum of the boat as much as the quicker slide. The hands are thrown away from the body very rapidly. The oars are pulled through the water about as quickly as last year, however. Although the motions within the boat are not all so swift as formerly, yet the stroke is a live one, with much dash to it, and is much more pleasing to watch, because of the increased bodily swing.—*Herald-Crimson*.

Exchanges.

—The *Pennsylvania University Magazine* publishes an excellent metrical translation of Horace's 22d Ode, "To Aristius Fuscus," a translation of which appeared also in the SCHOLASTIC, last year, from the pen of Mr. T. E. Steele.

—*The Michigan Argonaut*, from the University of Michigan, comes out in a cover of what seems to be now a popular color with some—flaming red. The make-up of the paper is about the same as last year—short editorials on home topics and general college matters, poetry, essays, college notes, clippings, alumni notes, literary notes, personals, etc. There is no exchange department proper, but brief notes on the college press occasionally find a place in the "College World" department.

—We see it stated in *The Rutgers Targum* and other papers that "Brown offers a prize of \$3,000 to the student passing the best 'entrance examination'; and has over eighty scholarships." The scholarships may be as stated, but from *The Brunonian's* comment we infer that at Brown they either heard nothing of the \$3,000 entrance prize or it was offered too late to give all a chance for it. *Brunonian's* exchange-editor now says, after reading the announcement in *The Columbia Spectator*, "We are thinking of going back and entering again."

—The first papers to reach us from Canada are *The Portfolio* and *The Sunbeam*. The reading-matter in both papers is fair, some of it very good,—as far as the reading-matter goes; but that is not far. It seems that literary contributions are scarce in Canada just at present, and advertisements plentiful; our two Canadian friends have but twelve pages of reading-matter between them, while there are fifteen pages of ads. Trade is evidently booming in Canada. J. C.'s poem, "Canada," in *The Portfolio*, is far above what is ordinarily met with in college papers.

—The *College Courier* ventures the assertion that "there are no college papers published in England." This is certainly a mistake. We are not sure whether the *Oxford Undergraduate's Journal* of last year has been absorbed by the new *Oxford Magazine*, but even though such be the case there are a number of other college periodicals published in England. We have now before us the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, an ably-edited sixteen-page paper, about the size of the *Courier*, published at Stonyhurst College, Lancashire; also *The Oscotian*—just received—from St. Mary's College, Oscott—by far the best of the English college magazines, and superior to most of those published in this country. Then there is the *Downside Review*, St. Gregory's College, Downside, the *Fronde Silvulæ* (which can hardly be called a college paper, though published by a college), and other publications that we have heard of but have not seen.

—Among our later exchanges is the *Boston College Stylus*, a handsome twelve-page monthly published at the "Hub." Mr. T. W. Coakley's poetry "Dolce far Niente," is pretty in sentiment and faultless in metre. A longer poem, "The Solitary's Guest," evidently the production of a mature mind and practiced pen, is fit to grace the pages of more pretentious periodicals. The prose in this number of the *Stylus* is also very good, though laboring under a Johnsonian stiffness and pomposity of style throughout, putting one in mind of a toddler with his grandfather's spectacles on. The exchange editor of *Stylus*, inferring that the SCHOLASTIC is not appreciated as it should be, says, "We are sorry to learn that the SCHOLASTIC is not appreciated at home. The students of Notre Dame, or of any other college for that matter, cannot afford to lose the opportunities of improvement which are generally afforded by a college paper. This is a 'paper age,' and college gradu-

ates, more than any other class of people, ought to be able to wield the pen. For the students of Notre Dame we can imagine no better means of attaining this end than by accepting the invitation of the SCHOLASTIC to write, write, write." Very good advice, for which our boys should be thankful.

—The *Columbia Spectator* gives its readers some good cuts—graphical cuts, some of them; others typographical, and needing not the aid of burin and router to make them effective. One of these "cuts" shows up the "time-honored canerush" in high colors. "That there are certain customs,"—we quote an editorial—"connected with and peculiar to the career of a college man, and entitled to receive his support, is unquestioned; but surely the brutal custom of rushing as practiced here and elsewhere is not one of these. Like hazing, rushing has been handed down to us from among the brutalities of the darker ages, and is unworthy of the times in which we live." The stories of the "Two Autographs" and "Yachtsman's Prank" are capitally conceived and well written. The picture of the ragged youngster with the white-wash brush, who had a good opinion of, and wished to distinguish himself, is worthy of *Punch*. "Say, Mister, are you one of them arkist fellows? 'Cause if yer is, I'm your chap for that there picturesque bizness." With its sensible editorials and jolly material to while away spare moments, the *Spectator* will always be pleasant company. By the way, *Spec*, your cover is a good joke; it looks like a gray-bearded man with a black wig.

—The *Brunonian* is tired of seeing the "unfortunate and distressingly immortal speech of Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr.," hashed and re-hashed. "The latter subject," it says, "has been immensely popular with the daily press, and we have been reading about it all the summer, but this fact does not spoil it for the college papers. The few who have not yet thoroughly treated or maltreated it seem to be of the opinion that the discussion should be taken up by them after it has been worn out by the newspapers and periodicals. While we were seeking recreation this summer, we found our task very much lightened by the thought that this subject could never survive the summer heat to appear in college papers. But, alas! it was a cold summer, and with the autumn days have come portentous signs of a revival under new auspices, and we are in constant dread of finding the ghost of that half-rejected address leaning over our chair or peeping out with a malicious, modernized, unclassical grin from the leaves of even the most innocent-looking of our exchanges. Will somebody lay the ghost, or give us a fresh one?" The editors begin another editorial by saying: "We hope we have seen the last of 'canerushes' and 'wagon-rushes,' under which names, for years past, has been disguised a species of barbarism, long supposed necessary to the development of a college student." "Barbarism" is a very proper word there, *Brunonian*.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, October 27, 1883.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the SEVENTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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—*Apropos* of the visit of Archbishop Riordan, the following from the *Catholic Review* will not be without interest. The editor of the *Review* had lately occasion to consult an old newspaper and says of it:

"It acknowledged the great favor conferred on the American Church by opening of the American College in Rome, a favor due to the direct action of *Pio Nono*. Curiously enough, in the same number of the paper there was a letter from a correspondent in Rome, written on December 8, 1859. It described the opening on the previous day of this same American College, and of a pleasant afternoon, which the boys of the first camerata spent with *Pio Nono* in the Vatican. From 1859 to 1883 is a leap in time, and it has developed these lads into grave and learned men, some of them charged with great responsibilities and mighty authority. A list of twelve of them is given. We transcribe a few of their names, some of which, in this autumn, seem familiar to those who have followed the ecclesiastical history of the hour: Mr. Edward McGlynn, New York; Mr. Robert Seton, New York; Mr. PATRICK RIORDAN, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Claudian, Northrop, Charleston, S. C.; Mr. William Poole, Savannah, Ga.; Mr. Michael Corrigan, Newark, New Jersey; Mr. Ambrose O'Neill, Albany, N. Y.; Mr. Thomas Gibney, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. John Cassidy, San Francisco, Cal. Young gentlemen now making their studies, and unknown to fame and responsibility, can draw a lesson from this list. The day will surely come when from them, or their contemporaries, will be chosen those who have to bear the weight of the American Church. It will be well for them if they prepare for it now. Now, preparation is possible; then, it will be too late."

—The annual retreat for the Catholic students will begin on next Monday evening, and terminate on the morning of Thursday, the Feast of All Saints. The time thus set apart each year for a retreat, is devoted to reflection on matters to which no one can be indifferent. In all Catholic institutions it forms a regular college exercise, inasmuch

as it is found to be an invaluable aid in moral training; which is an essential element in a perfect education. This latter thought gives the highest commendation to this annual practice, and at once answers any objection that might be raised on the score of losing time, or the like.

The words of the Fathers of the late Provincial Council of New York, setting forth the necessity of religion in education and the evils of godless schools, are very appropriate to this subject and we may be permitted to present a few extracts. Say the Fathers: "It is quite certain that a race of Christian children can be secured only by a Christian education. Christian virtues do not grow spontaneously in the soul. They are the result of careful and constant culture; and this must begin in the early dawn of childhood. It is a proverb: 'A young man according to his way, even when he is old he will not depart from it.' As the young plant is trained, so will it grow. . . . Your (parents) own experience should save you from the crime of sending your children to godless schools. See how infidelity and impiety are stalking over the land. See how contempt for authority, self-seeking and dishonesty, complete disregard for moral obligations, and other kindred evils, are increasing so rapidly and assuming such gigantic proportions that men stand aghast at the prospect, and are filled with alarm for the future destinies of our country. Thoughtful men of every religious denomination, are beginning to realize this danger, and many voices are now heard throughout the land, deploring the evils which the want of religious instruction in the training of children is already bringing upon us. Schools without religion have been in existence long enough for even the least observant of men to be able to judge of their results. Their shortcomings in other respects have been often pointed out by others. 'By their fruits you shall know them.'

"This question of religious education is the paramount question of the day, on the solution of which our destiny as a Christian people must depend, for, as it has been well said by a deep thinker, 'we may just as well expect a harvest without sowing seed as to expect a Christian people without Christian education.' The Catholic school sows the good seed in the hearts of your children, to bear in after years glorious fruits for our country and for Religion."

De Omni Re Scibili et Quibusdam Aliis.

The other day, a youth with long locks of raven and the "meek, brown eyes" announced his intention of going for many months unshorn, that, after the manner of certain geniuses of the long-ago, he might become a college poet. We were about to suggest, in case he felt the divine afflatus rising in his soul, to emulate the pathetic examples of our good poet Gray, and remain a "dumb, inglorious Milton," when he threw us into the depths of confusion and despair by saying he confided in us because he knew that during the past winter, when

our hair was long, we had written college poetry. What reply could we make to his infamous charge? In vain we represented to the guileless youth that it was the lack of fifteen cents (for we never claimed to be a Vanderbilt) that prevented us through the long and dreary days of the winter from thinning our ambrosial locks; that we were on the best of terms with our editorial chief, that we cherished no ill-will against any reader of the SCHOLASTIC, and that, of all abomination, was college poetry the desolation. In vain we pleaded and argued with the gentle youth; for this sad fact—the saddest commentary on mankind—the truth remains: that he who in his home-circle seems, and thinks himself to be as stainless as the laureate's "blameless king," of all crimes, from highway robbery to college poetising stands accused, when once he is surrounded by the walls of *Alma Mater*. So, he being convinced of our turpitude, we could but offer him some theoretical advice as how to awake his latent muse. For his benefit, we divided poetry into college poetry, spring poetry, and miscellaneous poetry; college poetry, again, we subdivided into the poems of nature, poems of melancholy, poems of (amorphous) love, and, finally, funny poetry.

In writing a poem of nature for a college paper, you should take four-lined stanzas, rhyming the second and fourth. The first two are very easily written, as, for example:

O grass! green, velvety carpet of earth!
Thy beauty the saddest heart cheers.

It doesn't, you know; but in this kind of poetry the more reckless your statement the deeper your insight into nature. The great difficulty now is to get a rhyme for *cheers*. The way to do it is to begin with *b*, as beers, and then ceers, deers, ears, etc.; the first available rhyme we see is in *t*, so you can say quite poetically:

The sunlight above and the dew-drops among
Are thy gladness and thy tears.

Another reckless statement, you know; but it sounds well enough, and you can get it printed, send it home, and be reckoned the coming genius of your illustrious race.

After the poems of nature, we distinguish the poems of melancholy. Whenever a student gets up late to breakfast with reminiscences of a stolen mince pie in his head and stomach, from the night before, and sits by the steam-pipes till he reaches a hopeless stage of imbecility, he commences to consider all his wrongs and woes of the past year. Everybody in the place is down on him (poor fellow)! which, as Charles Lamb has so well shown, tickles his vanity beyond measure. He naturally yearns for some discontented "chronic" to whom he can unbosom himself, and if none can be found, he be-thinks himself of the yawning columns of his college paper. After two or three hours, he will probably grind out something like this:

Of my life I'm weary,
For the world is dreary,
And the day is dark,
Never more can I be cheery—

At this crisis, he notices an unlocked desk, cap-

tures a stray apple, and laughs at his brilliancy for the next hour. Then the next day, when he is refused a bill for town, he gets misanthropic again and finishes his work of art.

But we had almost forgotten poetical translations. A rhyming dictionary and a "horse" is all that is required for this species of composition. Intelligibility is never essential. In proof of which we trespass on the sacred limits of our Exchange-editor to quote the following stanzas from the *Georgetown College Journal*. We will give a handsome gold medal, now in our possession, to any one who can tell us from the text the meaning of these lines:

"Not if a more persuasive note thy hand
Could teach than his who charmed the listening trees,
Would blood return to sapless arteries
Of shade that once the Chthonian, with his wand,

"(For no heart his at tears to swing again
The doors of Fate) takes in his mournful care
Ah, Yes; 'tis heard: But an we strive to bear,
We lighten ills to strive to cure were vain."

MOORE A NON.

Personal.

—C. Forestal (Com'l), of '70, is in the wholesale paper business, Philadelphia, Pa.

—Andrew Byrnes (Com'l), of '75, and his brother Timothy (Com'l), of '79, are enterprising druggists at Lyman, New York.

—Eugene Gramling, of '77, is a prosperous merchant in Indianapolis, Ind. Eugene was one of the First Honor recipients in '75.

—Mr. Jacob Scherrer, of Denver, Col., while visiting his three sons who are students here, gave us a call last week. We shall be glad to see him again.

—Mr. E. Amoretti, of Lander, Wyoming Territory, called to see his son Eugene, last week. Mr. Amoretti is one of the most genial, whole-souled gentlemen that we have had the pleasure of meeting for a long time.

—A. Rohrbach (Com'l), '81, is still with Strouse, Loeb & Co., 49 N. 3d street, Philadelphia, Pa., one of the largest wholesale clothing houses in the city. Albert renews his subscription for the SCHOLASTIC, and intends to visit Notre Dame in June.

—James W. Moore, editor of the *Watertown Gazette*, and Miss Cecilia Hackett were married in St. Bernard's Church, Watertown, Wis., on the 10th inst. Friends here beg leave to extend their congratulations, and express the hope that the happy couple may enjoy many years of a blissful journey through life.

—The Rev. George F. Houck, secretary of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Cleveland, was among the visitors this week. The Rev. gentleman has a number of friends at Notre Dame who were very glad to see him, and regretted that his visit was not for days instead of hours. Father Houck is held in the highest esteem by all who know him.

—Rev. D. A. Clarke is still in Salt Lake City, Utah. From a letter received by a friend the other day, we are glad to learn that Father Clarke is rapidly gaining in health and will soon be himself again. He contemplates spending a portion of the winter in California—probably at Los Angeles.

—Mr. H. Morse (Com'l of '83), after spending a pleasant vacation in Charlotte, Mich., called on his old friends and classmates, last Monday. Harry left for his Western home, Salt Lake City, Tuesday, where he takes charge of the books in his father's establishment. Harry, has the best wishes of all his friends here for his success.

—We learn from *O Jornal de Noticias*, of Erie, Pa., that Mr. Antonio M. Vicente, its editor, was on the 11th, current, united in the sacred bonds of matrimony to Miss Maria Rose. The nuptials took place in the Church of St. Andrew, Erie, Pa., after which the happy couple spent a few weeks with friends in Boston. We tender our congratulations, and wish Mr. Vicente and his consort a happy journey through life.

—Mr. B. Eisenhower, of Huntington, Ind., a gentleman whose physical and social gifts would rank him high in any community, was at Notre Dame for Founder's Day, in company with Mr. J. Boos, also of Huntington. We regret that these and a number of other visitors—among them a goodly company of ladies—were disappointed in the field-sports, which on account of the weather had to be postponed till the Tuesday following.

—Mr. and Mrs. John McKeough, of Chicago, visited Notre Dame last week. Mr. McKeough is a prominent lawyer of that city. Though a young man, he is popular, energetic, and distinguished by qualities that assure him of a brilliant future. Mrs. McKeough, who was formerly a pupil of St. Mary's Academy, and who will be remembered as Miss Annie O'Connor, is a lady of sweet disposition and beloved by all her acquaintances.

—Last Tuesday the sad news came from Chicago, of the death of Mrs. C. Walsh, mother of Charles Walsh, of '60, William Walsh, '64, and Charlie F. Walsh, '78. Mrs. Walsh was a woman of many exemplary virtues and enjoyed the esteem of a wide circle of friends. Her death is deeply regretted by her many friends both here and at St. Mary's, where four of her children were educated, and all extend their heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family in their hour of affliction. May she rest in peace!

Local Items.

—Retreat.

—Autumn leaves.

—Too much rain, lately.

—"Who stole the bed?"

—Grand *soirée*, next week.

—The Retreat begins next Monday evening.

—The lecture course will be inaugurated early next month.

—The acoustic properties of the new Music Hall are all that can be desired.

—The Juniors are indebted to Bro. John Chrysostom, for some rare specimens of California plants.

—The scaffolding has been taken down from the Dome, and it now stands revealed in all its grandeur.

—Our landscape architect is busily engaged in laying out a "Map of the United States" in St. Edward's Park.

—We shall publish in our next number the programme of the first Orpheonic *soirée* to be given at an early date.

—Work on Science Hall is being rapidly pushed forward. The brick work on the first story is now almost completed.

—President Walsh went to Chicago last Thursday, to attend the funeral of Mrs. Charles Walsh, a long-time friend of Notre Dame.

—Very Rev. Father General has the thanks of the "princes" for a grand, *nine story* cake that he gave them on the Feast of St. Raphael.

—On Wednesday, the Feast of St. Raphael, the members of the Guardian Angels of the Sanctuary assisted at Mass and received Holy Communion.

—The trees, in the language of our botanists, have now assumed that monotonous brown tint which they are destined to preserve until spring appears.

—Next Monday is the ninth anniversary of the death of Father Augustus Lemonnier, fourth President of the University. Of your charity, pray for the repose of his soul.

—A portion of the "Colo. contingent" are under obligations to Mr. Scherrer, for the pleasant excursion he gave them while here. All the boys declare that they had a "grand time."

—If anyone runs across an item of news of general interest, they will do ye *local editor* a favor by bringing it around, for he cannot be on hand when everything happens.—*Round Table*.

—It is desired that students should have their letters addressed to their various departments—Minim, Junior, or Senior. Unless this is done, mistakes will occur, owing to similarity of names.

—Mr. J. Francis Smith, of '72, has presented to Prof. Edwards for his art collection an exquisite little painting in oil, of a Rocky Mountain scene. Mr. Smith is now conducting an Art Class in Denver.

—The 94th Minim has just arrived from Durango, Old Mexico. Only six more needed to complete the number for the grand dinner; and of these the Right Rev. Fort Wayne Minim will count for two.

—The "princes" are hard at work in a contest for four valuable prizes. Four fine gold spoons

of Parisian manufacture are offered by their venerable patron to the best in class and conduct among his little favorites.

—The Drawing Classes have been started this week and are well attended. The students feel perfectly at home in their splendid new hall, and their work already shows that they are determined to profit by the advantages to be derived from their fine location.

—In a local item published in last week's SCHOLASTIC the height of the statue on the college dome was given at 189 feet. Measurements by triangulation give the height as 199 feet $9\frac{1}{4}$ inches from the ground to the top of the statue—lacking only $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches of 200 feet.

—A number of large and elegantly-framed photographic views of Rocky Mountain and Mexican scenery have been placed in the corridor of the second flat. They depict some of the finest scenery in the world, and, as specimens of the photographic art, they cannot be surpassed.

—Professor Edwards has in his possession the first commission papers given to the late Major General James B. Stedman appointing him Colonel of the 14th Ohio Volunteers. The papers bear the autographs of David Tod, War Governor of Ohio, B. R. Gowen, Secretary of State, A. Scholhof, Brigadier-General and Jas. B. Stedman.

—Rev. President Walsh examined the classes in the Minim department on Monday, and expressed himself well pleased with the accuracy and dispatch with which they worked out some problems in Arithmetic. The "princes" are always glad to show the Rev. President that they are not "spoiled pets," but just as good workers as their older confreres.

—Rev. A. M. Kirsch, C. S. C., arrived at Notre Dame last Saturday evening, after a sojourn of over two years at the University of Louvain, Belgium, where he had been perfecting himself in various languages and sciences. He was heartily welcomed by his many friends, who were glad to see him, after his long absence, returning in the best of health. Father Kirsch will enter upon his professorial duties at an early date.

—The students of Notre Dame take but little stock evidently in C. F. Adams' opposition to the study of Latin. In the last number of the *Scholastic*, an "Alumnus of '83" celebrates the University in a Latin poem, which, for smoothness of versification, liveliness of expression and clearness of description, is not often equalled. The writer may safely challenge the colleges of the United States to a poetic trial.—*Ypsilanti Sentinel*.

—The 4th regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association (Minim department) was held in St. Edward's Hall, on the 9th inst. Compositions were read by C. Delaplane and J. Wright. The question, "Is Land more Useful than Water?" was debated by C. Spencer, H. Schmitz and E. McGrath on the affirmative, and G. Meehan, L. Young, and J. Studebaker on the negative. The chair decided in favor of the affirmative.

—The fifth regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Association took place Oct. 8th. Masters T. Taylor, H. A. Adler, J. Garrity, and M. Murphy delivered declamations. Compositions were read by T. Cleary, C. Cavaroc, F. Curtis, B. Rothschild and J. Crawford. Readings were given by J. McGordon, L. Scheurman and C. Muhler. Master F. Curtis closed the exercises with a well-written criticism on the previous meeting.

—The 7th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held on the 15th inst. W. P. Mahon, and F. Dexter read creditable essays, the former on "Charles Dickens" and the latter on "Autumn." E. Wile presented a sketch of Abraham Lincoln; and F. Hagenbarth gave a report of the proceedings on St. Edward's Day. The public readers are, Jas. Smith, H. Foote, W. Schott, W. Henry, D. Taylor, F. Dexter, W. Mug and F. Hagenbarth.

—There are some *alleged* critics who need to be reminded that they are not obliged, even were they able, to read Latin poetry. Furthermore, they are informed that the editors of this paper will gladly publish any short poem of merit, no matter in what language written, provided it be the original work of a student here. The SCHOLASTIC *ex-officio* cannot do otherwise than make itself the exponent of the students' progress and standing, and let all know the SCHOLASTIC is ever ready to do its duty in this respect.

—The fourth regular meeting of the Columbian Dramatic Club took place Oct. 6th. J. F. Combe and J. Wagoner were elected members. Messrs. L. Mathers read a well-written essay on "The Drama"; P. Warren spoke on the State of Illinois; J. McNamara discoursed on Printing; P. Howard described the great men of Illinois; J. F. Shields' composition, on Aaron Burr, was good; W. C. Orchard gave a good account of Thomas Jefferson; P. Galarneau was enthusiastic in speaking of Daniel O'Connell; J. Kleiber, D. Reach and J. Hyde delivered declamations. The speech on Santa Anna, by F. Lucas, was the event of the evening and was received with rounds of applause.

—The 1st regular meeting of the Orpheonic Society was held Thursday, October 18th. The following officers were elected: Honorary President, Prof. J. A. Lyons; Honorary Director, Prof. J. F. Edwards; President and Director, Bro. Anselm, C. S. C.; 1st Vice-President, H. Foote; 2d Vice-President, Charles F. Porter; Recording Secretary, J. S. Courtney; Corresponding Secretary, G. S. Schaefer; Treasurer, J. A. Devine; 1st Censor, C. Cavaroc; 2d Censor, E. Wile; Sergeant-at-Arms, E. Gerlach. The object of the new association was explained by the President; a constitution was drawn up and adopted. Masters Dexter and Wright were unanimously elected to membership. The thanks of the Society was expressed to Rev. President Walsh, C. S. C., Profs. Lyons, Edwards and Paul for their kindly interest. The programme for the

first musical *soirée* was drawn up and each member was assigned his part. The motto of the society, "*Mens nostra concordet voci nostræ*," taken from St. Bernard, was adopted. An appropriate seal and badge, the design of Mr. Porter, was chosen. The meeting closed with the hymn "*Ave Maris Stella*," set to music by the Director, and destined to be the usual prayer before the meeting.

—On last Sunday morning, the pilgrimage from Mishawaka to the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, at Notre Dame, took place. This pilgrimage in honor of Our Lady of the Rosary has been made regularly for a number of years, and is always largely attended and with edifying devotion. The distance from Mishawaka is about five miles, which the pilgrims travelled on foot and in procession, reciting the Rosary and singing hymns in honor of the Blessed Virgin. They arrived at Notre Dame about ten o'clock, and filled the large church to overflowing. Solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. President Walsh, assisted by Rev. A. B. Oechtering, Pastor of the church at Mishawaka, and Rev. S. Fitte, C. S. C., as deacon and subdeacon. An eloquent and appropriate sermon was preached by one of the Fathers of the College. In the afternoon, at two o'clock, Solemn Vespers were sung, the Rosary recited, after which the *Grosser Gott, wir loben Dich*, in grand chorus from hundreds of voices, resounded throughout the sacred edifice. The pious pilgrims then returned to their homes processionaly as they had come. Altogether, the pilgrimage was a public manifestation of faith, such as is rarely witnessed in the States.

—The following notice of the entertainment of Friday evening, Oct. 12th is taken from the *South-Bend Tribune* of Saturday:

"The Feast of St. Edward, which occurs to-day, is being celebrated at Notre Dame, with the usual ceremonies and festivities, as the patronal feast of Very Rev. Edward Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross and Founder of the famous University. The celebration began last night with a dramatic, musical and literary entertainment in Washington Hall, by the Euglossian Association, complimentary to Father Sorin, according to the annual custom of the last forty years. The entertainment was advertised to begin at 6 o'clock, but during the afternoon an unexpected yet delightful surprise was precipitated upon the managers of the affair, in the shape of a telegram from the newly-consecrated Archbishop of San Francisco, Right Rev. P. Riordan, a former student of the College, stating that he would arrive on the 6.30 o'clock train that evening from Chicago, for a brief visit to the University. The hour for commencing the entertainment was therefore postponed until after the Archbishop's arrival, and preparations made for his reception. The students were drawn up in line at the front entrance of the College, with the University Cornet Band in the centre, and when the Archbishop's carriage drew up about seven o'clock, and he alighted, in company with President Walsh, and ascended the steps, the students greeted him with hearty cheers, while the Band struck up a lively air. The Archbishop, youthful in appearance, but tall, dignified, with a classical countenance and a finely-shaped head, paused on the upper steps of the portico under the electric light and was presented to the students by President Walsh. Mr. Elmer A. Otis immediately stepped out of the students' ranks and read a poetical address of welcome to the distinguished visitor, to which the Archbishop responded feelingly and in eloquent terms.

The reception over, the doors of the hall were thrown open, and the regular exercises of the evening were soon

under way, with a large audience of spectators, there being besides the students many present from abroad, including quite a number from this city. Archbishop Riordan and Father General Sorin occupied the seats of honor, with members of the University Faculty on either side. The exercises began with a quickstep, "The Vanguard," by the University Cornet Band, followed by the Minims' poetical address to the Father General, made by Master B. Lindsey, supported by Masters R. V. Papin and J. Wright. The address was capitably delivered and most heartily applauded as the three bright boys stepped gracefully down from the stage and presented the manuscript to Father Sorin, whose face fairly beamed with delight as he received the paper and also a handsome bouquet from another of the boys. Following this came the Juniors' address to their much-beloved Father General, read by Mr. D. Taylor, and immediately after Mr. C. A. Tinley presented, in choice language and in a very graceful manner, the compliments of the Seniors to the venerable Founder of the University. Next Mr. Solon presented the prologue to the historical play of "Cataline," which, after an overture very nicely rendered by the University Orchestra, immediately followed. Some new and very fine scenery was displayed on the stage during the evening, which added greatly to the performance. At the close of the play, Very Rev. Father Sorin briefly congratulated the boys on their efforts, and thanked them for the compliments to him. He then introduced Archbishop Riordan, who spoke fervently of his early associations at Notre Dame when a mere boy, seven and twenty year ago, he took part in just such entertainments. He could remember the old log cabin, the original Notre Dame, and eloquently compared the condition of things at the struggling college then to the noble, grand, self-sustaining institution of to-day, whose fame extended to all parts of the world, and whose students could be found in all climes. He closed by giving the young men some practical advice as to their future lives, and the audience passed out, while the Band played a march.

Roll of Honor.

[The following list includes the names of those students whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Anchando, Ancheta, Aguilera, Banigan, Bowers, Burns, Brosseau, Barron, Buchanan, Becerra, Bailey, Browne, Coll, Carbajal, Cussen, Callan, Cass, Jas. Cusack, Jno. Cusack, Crawford, Creel, Cella, Conway, Callaghan, Campbell, Connell, Delgado, De Groot, De Wolf, Dolan, A. Dennis, Eisenhauer, Ewing, Fishel, Fogerty, Foster, Farrell, T. Fenlon, Fitzgerald, Gonsor, Goulding, Gonzalez, Geiser, Gutierrez, F. Gallagher, Garrett, Godfroy, Hyde, Henderson, Howard, Hopkins, Hellebush, Handy, Johnston, Kavanagh, Kimmel, Kaufmann, Kolars, Kleiber, Lucas, Long, McErlaine, Mahon, McKinnery, Mathers, S. Murdock, Mittendorf, McIntyre, T. McNamara, J. McNamara, Neeson, Edward O'Brien, O'Connell, G. O'Brien, Eugene O'Brien, Ott, O'Kane, O'Dea, O'Rourke, Orchard, Otis, O'Donnell, Pour, Reach, Shea, Stover, Steis, Scholfield, Shields, Spencer, Steele, Solon, E. Smith, G. Smith, Tinley, Teasdale, F. Uranga, J. Uranga, C. Warner, Whalen, Jno. Wagoner, Warren, Wheatley.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Aikens, Arnold, Anchando, Bergschulze, Baur, Barclay, Breen, A. Chirhart, Curtis, Chaves, Caveroc, Crilly, Cleary, C. Combe, Clarke, Costigan, Dwenger, Devine,* Dorenberg, Deaderick, Dexter, C. Dennis, Eisenhauer, Fitzgerald, Fendrich, Fehr, Fierro, H. Foote, Foster, Garrity, Grothaus, Grunsfeld, Hagenbarth, Hemisbaugh, E. Howard, A. Howard, Halligan, Hagerty, B. Henry, Houlihan, Houck, Holman, Jensch, Johnson, King, J. Kelly, M. Kelly, Letcher, G. Lewis, P. Lake, Leony, Mulkern, W. Mahon, Monschein, Mullane, A. Miller, Menig, Mason, J. McGordon, C. McGordon, Moye, McDonnell, Marcott, C. Metz, Mug, Muhler, McCawley, O'Brien, Perley, Plischke, C. Porter, Pohl, Quill, Rogers, Regan, Rothschild, Reynolds, E. Ryan, Shea, Sedberry, L. Scheuerman,

M. Scheuerman, Schött, Schaefer, L. Stumer,* Stitt, Stubbs, Saunders, Talbot, D. Taylor, Tarrant, Trepanier, Uranga, P. Wagoner, Wabraushek, Waixel, Weber, C. Whitman, Weiler, Williamson, R. Lewis, O'Donnell.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters H. Ackerman, E. Amoretti, E. Adams, J. Addington, Boos, Brown, Crotty, Cummings, W. Devine, Dungan, Devereux, Ernest, Fitzgerald, Gonzalez, Grunsfeld, E. Kelly, Krause, Keefe, Landenwich, Löwenstein, Lewis, B. Lindsey, C. Lindsey, Loya, F. McGuire, McGill, Morrison, Morgan, A. Mullen, Moye, Meehan, A. Nester, Nusbaum, Otis, M. O'Kane, B. O'Kane, O'Connor, W. Prindiville, V. Papin, R. Papin, Quill, Studebaker, Stange, Salman, Schmitz, Spencer, Schönneman, Sokup, Steele, L. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, E. Scherrer, Stewart, Thomas, W. Tomlinson, C. Tomlinson, Uranga, West, Weston, Wright, L. Young.

* Omitted by mistake last week.

Class Honors.

[In the following list may be found the names of those students who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Messrs. H. Smith, Jas. Heffernan, Jno. Heffernan, Coll, Browne, Reach, T. Fenlon, E. Fenlon, McIntyre, Larkin, C. Murdock, Farrell, Otis, F. Burke, V. Burke, Dolan, Saviers, Bailey, F. Gallagher, Ancheta, Tinley, Steele, Kolars, H. Porter, Mathers, Steis, Johnson, McKinnery, Gray, Ewing, Goulding, Conway, Callan, Callaghan, Bannigan, Solon, W. H. McCarthy, D. Taylor, Courtney, Fendrich, C. Porter, Mug, J. Smith, McErlaine.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adams, Quiggle, Nusbaum, Salman, Löwenstein, Benner, Garrity, McVeigh, McPhee, Dirksmeyer, Henry, Moye, Loya, D. Prindiville, Shönneman, Brown, Cole, Sokup, Bunker, Landenwich, Amoretti, Welch, Stange, C. Lindsey, W. Devine, Wright, W. Prindiville, Devereux, West, Studebaker, Otis, Thomas, L. Scherrer, Costigan, E. Kelly, Fitzgerald, Harris, W. Tomlinson, Crotty, Weston, C. Scherrer, B. O'Kane, B. Lindsey, J. Kelly, Nester.

List of Excellence.

[The students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the courses named—according to the competitions, which are held monthly.—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Latin—Messrs. Ewing, Otis, Gray, Kolars, Johnston, McIntyre, Callaghan, J. Burns; Greek—N. Ewing, G. Smith; Logic—J. A. McIntyre; Moral Philosophy—N. Ewing; English Composition—Messrs. J. Smith, Cella, Garrett, J. Keegan, Ancheta; English Literature—Messrs. Jno. Heffernan, Mug; Criticism—Messrs. A. Coghlin, McKinnery, Farrell, Dickerson, H. Steis, E. Fenlon, T. Fenlon; Algebra—Messrs. Courtney, Dolan, Bannigan; Geometry—Messrs. Courtney, V. Burke, J. Smith; Trigonometry—J. Fenlon; Calculus—C. C. Kolars; Astronomy—H. Porter; Descriptive Geometry—W. W. Gray; Physiology—Messrs. Rogers, Cella, D. Taylor; Mechanics—J. T. Johnston; Mineralogy—C. C. Kolars; Physics and Chemistry—Messrs. Kolars, Johnston; History—Messrs. Dexter, Farrell, McDonnell, Mug, Halligan, Monschein, McCarthy; German—Messrs. Baur, Weiler.

Omitted last week.—For Arithmetic—Messrs. Hagenbarth, W. Cartier, Gerlach; Reading and Orthography—Messrs. W. Mahon, Carroll.

For the Dome.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gallagher, San Francisco, Cal. \$20.00
Master E. Amoretti, Minim. Dep't. 5.00
Donations from various sources 10.00

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—On Sunday, the Graduating Class was permitted to attend the Pilgrims' Mass at Notre Dame. All were edified with the piety of the pilgrims, and were charmed with the grand Cecilian music.

—The Juniors who deserve the badge for polite and lady-like deportment are, the Misses I. Allen, Best, Bailey, Barth, Cummings, Chaves, Dillon, Duffield, Dodge, Ducey, Eldred, A. English, Fehr, Helen, Ellen and Sibyl Jackson, Keyes, Lord, Lucas, McEwen, M. Murphy, Moshier, Metz, M. Otis, M. Papin, C. Richmond, Regan, Shephard, Scheekey, Snowhook, Turpie and Wolvin. The prize letter fell to Agnes English.

—On Wednesday, the day of the regular recreation, the Juniors and Minims were treated to a ride to "St. Mary's Farm," situated at a distance of about three miles from the Academy. To understand how much it was enjoyed, one should hear the relation of the events of the day by one of the enthusiastic participants. One voluble Minim exclaimed: "Why, Sister, every one of the Juniors and every one of the Minims brought a whole bushel of apples home!"

—As a reward for docility and co-operation with their teacher's wishes, the young ladies who were chiefly instrumental in imparting that perfection universally acknowledged as characterizing the entertainment of the 13th inst., were allowed to pay a visit to the SCHOLASTIC office, Minims' College and the beautiful Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, on Thursday. An excellent collation was provided, for which, as also for the cordial attention paid them on their visit, the young ladies tender their thanks.

—At the regular Academic reunion, *Rosa Mystica*, Vol. X., No. i, was read. Editresses, the Misses Sheekey, Gove, Keenan, Dunne, and Ginz. From its pages we take the following: "*The Feast of the Purity of the Blessed Virgin*."—This being the beautiful festival appointed by the Church to honor the purity of—to adopt the language of Wordsworth—

'Our tainted nature's solitary boast,'

a charming ceremony, conducted by our Rev. Chaplain, was performed in the Chapel of Loreto, namely, the formal reception of members into the Society of Children of Mary. The following were accepted as aspirants: Misses Heckard, Fogerty, Helpling, M. Murphy, S. St. Clair, L. St. Clair. The demand for admission was read by Miss Heckard. Those received to full admission were the Misses F. Gregori, L. Black, E. Kearns, and Anna Murphy. The last-named read the "Act of Consecration." The Rev. Chaplain gave a short, but beautiful instruction, and the grand notes of the *Magnificat* closed this exquisite act of oblation to the purest of creatures on the Feast instituted to honor her purity."

A Garland of Memory and Hope.

READ BY MISS CATHARINE CAMPBELL, OCTOBER 13,
AT THE ENTERTAINMENT IN HONOR OF VERY REV.
FATHER GENERAL.

As a bright chain, a Rosary of Pearl,
The Feasts of great St. Edward softly rest
Upon fond Memory's sunny slope of years.

Back to the Fall of eighteen forty-one—
Well nigh a festive Chaplet of bright grains—
We trace the gleaming days on Western shores.
How full is each of true devotedness!
The seasons go: they come and go again;
Fortunes are made, and fortunes, like the flowers,
Decline and are no more; yet o'er and o'er
Devotion counts her Rosary of Pearl,
Offers the gift to Mary, and receives
Return commensurate with endless years.

St. Edward's Feast, undimmed by age or time,
Shines with celestial lustre. Not of earth
Is its unique effulgence; Heaven alone,
Or grace to Heaven allied, can fitly solve
The mystic problem why we are to-day
Gathered to honor one who wore a crown,
Hundreds of years ago, in far-off climes.

Ah! 'tis because his royalty on earth
Was superceded by a loftier claim—
The royalty of Heaven. It is because
HIS CLIENT wields a sceptre, gathering power
From the same Source—aye, with as broad a sway.

We wish a happy Feast and glad returns,
Dear Father! for your labors bless the earth.
The past, the future: Memory and warm Hope,
Have brought unnumbered blooms from many a land,
While from the abundant store the present twines
A matchless garland for our Father's sake.

Lo! Mary, throned high o'er the College Dome,
Clasps the fair wreath with gems of purest light.
Three hundred and just ninety-one full years
On yestermorn—'twas Friday,* you recall—
Columbus landed on these Western shores,
And planted here the Standard of our Faith,
Naming the land "THE LAND OF HOLY CROSS."

That flippant politicians changed the name,
We need not wonder. 'Tis their "trick of trade"
To underrate true worth; to circumvent
The will of those whose faith rebukes their pride.
"They had their good things here." It matters not
That they have robbed the New World of its right.
But "truth is mighty and it must prevail:"
Hence we delight in the coincidence
That Mary, on her Saturday of rest,
Reposes o'er the Dome of Holy Cross,
And spreads her subtle radiance far o'er earth
Upon our Founder's loved and cherished feast.
This is delight enough for strong, true hearts;
On this we offer our congratulation,
And are, dear Father, now and evermore,

Your faithful, dutious children of
ST. MARY'S SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

* The 12th of October fell on Friday this year as it did
in 1492.

Roll of Honor.

FOR POLITENESS, NEATNESS, ORDER, AMIABILITY, COR-
RECT DEPORTMENT, AND OBSERVANCE OF RULES.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

1st Tablet—Misses Adderly, H. Allen, Ashton A. Babcock, C. Babcock, Bruhn, Beal, Billings, Black, E. Call, Cummings, C. Campbell, Carney, Cones, Dunne, Duffield, N. Danforth, Dungan, Dowling, L. English, B. English, Evarts, Fendrich, Fitzpatrick, Fogerty, Ada Gordon, Alice Gordon, Ginz, Gove, Gage, Gavan, A. Heckard, Helping, Hunt, Heneberry, Hale, Hack, Horn, Hart, Holt, Haney, Hetz, Johnson, Keenan, Kearns, Kearney, Kearsy, Keating, King, Legnard, Leahigh, Lintner, Munger, A. Murphy, M. Murphy, Mohl, McCarthy, Neu, O'Connell, M. Priestman, Papin, R. Platte, L. Priestman, Quill, Reilly, Ryan, Russell, Reynolds, Ramsey, Rosing, S. St. Clair, L. St. Clair, Sheridan, Sheekey, Scully, Schmaltz, Sear, Spotwood, Stackert, Todd, Udall, Vandebogart, Weckler, Williams, Wilson. 2d Tablet—Miss M. Fisk.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

1st Tablet—Misses I. Allen, Best, Bailey, Cummings, Chaves, Dillon, Dodge, Ducey, Durlacher, M. Eldred, A. English, Fehr, Halsey, Haney, H. Jackson, E. Jackson, S. Jackson, Keyes, Lucas, McEwen, Murphy, Metz, Otis, M. Papin, Richmond, Regan, Shephard, Schmidt, Sheekey, Snowhook, Turpie, Wolvin. 2d Tablet—Misses M. Allen, Brown, Barth, S. Campeau, A. Duffield, Lord, Morrison, Malbœuf, Moshier, Roddin, Scott, Stumer.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

1st Tablet—Misses Chapin, Ducey, English, L. Johns, V. Johns, Lindsey, Murray, G. Papin, Paul, M. Reynolds, A. Schmauss, Van Fleet.

Class Honors.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses Johnson, Todd, Fendrich,
1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses Call, Gove, Dunn, Duffield,
Keenan, Papin, Ginz, Mohl, Ashton, Cummings.

2D SR. CLASS—Misses Heckard, Munger, Carney, Hunt,
Helping, Bruhn, Udall, Danforth, S. St. Clair.

3D SR. CLASS—Misses B. Kearney, Wilson, Sheridan,
Kearsey, Horn, Hack, Dillon, Vandebogart, A. Murphy,
Shepherd, Hale, Legnard, Sheekey, Duffield, O'Connell,
Hart, Keyes, Morrison.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Richmond, Moshier,
Kearns, H. Jackson, A. Ryan, Fehr, Wolvin, Spotwood,
Mooney, E. Jackson, Schmidt, Van Horn, Lintner, Snowhook, B. English, C. Babcock, Fisk, Heneberry, Gavan.

2D PREP. CLASS—Misses C. Lord, Campeau, Stumer,
Fogerty, Chaves, Roddin, Turpie, English, Barth, Best,
Leahigh, Otis, McCarthy, Russel, Hetz, I. Cummings,
Burgher, Schmaltz, Dowling.

JUNIOR PREP. CLASS—Misses Barry, M. Murphy, M.
Papin, English, Schmauss, L. Johns, M. Ducey.

1ST JR. CLASS—Misses Scott, McEwen, Paul, Lindsey, Chapin.

2D JR. CLASS—Misses M. Reynolds, G. Papin, V. Johns,
S. Van Fleet.

FRENCH.

2D CLASS—Misses Call, Bruhn, Sheekey, Castanedo.

3D CLASS—Misses Dunn, Mohl, O'Connell, Morrison,
Adderly, Rosing, M. Papin.

4TH CLASS—Misses Best, Duffield, Van Horn, Moshier,
Regan, Brown, Lucas, Richmond, Barry.

5TH CLASS—Misses Duffield, Gove, Holt, Lord, Ashton,
Dungan, Spotwood, Kearns, L. St. Clair, Gage.

6TH CLASS—Misses Naylor, Scott, McEwen, Roddin,
Eldred, I. Cummings, Ducey, Chapin, G. Papin, Murray,
Reynolds.

If you your ears
Would save from jeers,
These things keep meekly hid:
Myself and I,
And mine and my,
And how I do or did.

—Ex.

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Lv. Chicago - - -	7 00 a. m.	9 00 a. m.	4 00 p. m.	5 15 p. m.	9 10 p. m.
" Mich. City - -	9 25 "	11 15 "	6 35 "	7 40 "	11 30 "
" Niles - - - - -	10 45 "	12 15 p. m.	8 05 "	9 00 "	12 48 a. m.
" Kalamazoo - -	12 33 p. m.	1 40 "	9 50 "	10 28 "	2 28 "
" Jackson - - -	3 45 "	4 05 "		12 50 a. m.	5 00 "
Ar. Detroit - - -	6 48 "	6 30 "		3 35 "	8 00 "
	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Jackson Express.	† Pacific Express	† Even'g Express
Lv. Detroit - - -	7 60 a. m.	9 35 a. m.	5 55 p. m.	9 50 p. m.	5 10 p. m.
" Jackson - - -	10 20 "	12 15 p. m.		12 45 a. m.	1 15 "
" Kalamazoo - -	1 15 p. m.	2 37 "	4 50 a. m.	2 43 "	1 38 a. m.
" Niles - - - - -	3 05 "	4 07 "	6 50 "	4 15 "	3 30 "
" Mich. City - -	4 30 "	5 20 "	8 08 "	5 30 "	4 55 "
Ar. Chicago - - -	6 50 "	7 40 "	10 35 "	8 00 "	7 30 "

Niles and South Bend Division.

*GOING NORTH.		*GOING SOUTH.	
Lv. So. Bend—	8 45 a. m. 6 70 p. m.	Lv. Niles—	7 05 a. m. 4 15 p. m.
" N. Dame—	8 52 " 6 15 "	" N. Dame—	7 40 " 4 48 "
Ar. Niles—	9 25 " 7 15 "	Ar. So. Bend—	7 45 " 4 55 "

*Sunday excepted. †Daily. ‡Saturday and Sunday excepted.

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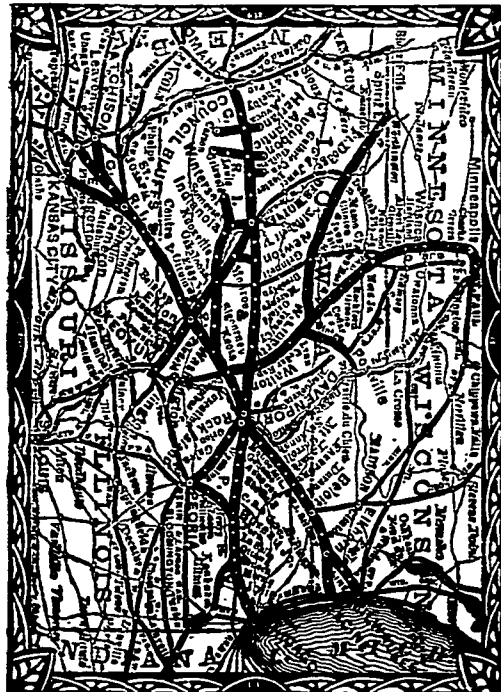
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GOING EAST:

2.32 a.m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 9.50 a.m.; Cleveland, 2.25 p.m.; Buffalo, 8.00 p.m.

11.23 a.m. Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5.35 p.m.; Cleveland, 10.10 p.m.; Buffalo, 3.55 a.m.

9.10 p.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2.45 a.m.; Cleveland, 7.05 a.m.; Buffalo, 1.10 p.m.

12.20 p.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line arrives at Toledo, 5.40 p.m. Cleveland, 10.10 p.m.; Buffalo 3.55 a.m.

6.21 p.m. Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo, 10.28 p.m.; Cleveland, 1.35 a.m.; Buffalo, 7.05 a.m.

GOING WEST:

2.32 a.m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte, 3.25 a.m. Chicago, 6.10 a.m.

4.55 a.m. Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.50 a.m. Chicago, 8.20 a.m.

7.40 a.m. Limited Express. Arrives at Laporte, 8.20 a.m. Chicago, 10.40 a.m.

1.30 p.m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.30 p.m.; Chesterton, 3.15 p.m.; Chicago, 5.00 p.m.

4.35 p.m. Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.22 p.m.; Chicago, 8.00 p.m.

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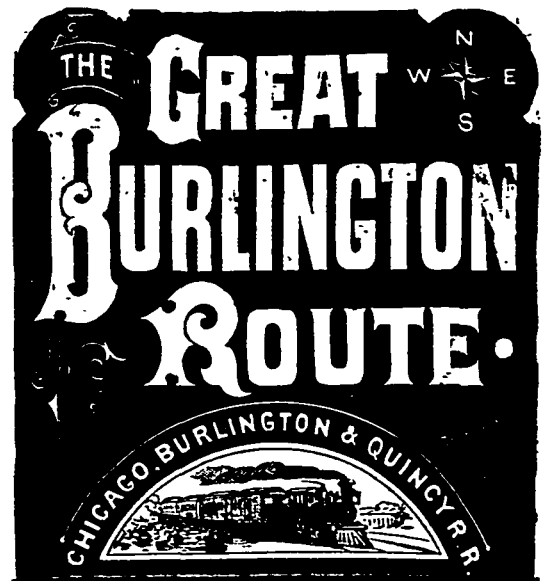
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